



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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### PIERRE.

#### A GERMAN TALE.

In a village of Franconia, dwelt a peasant named Pierre. He possessed the richest farm of the country. Three daughters, and three sons, which he had by his wife Theresa, were married, and inhabited his house, with their respective families. Pierre, at the advanced age of eighty, and Theresa seventy-eight, were beloved and respected by their numerous children, whose most ardent wish was to prolong their days. As they had passed a life of sobriety and industry, they were not afflicted with infirmities in their old age; contented with themselves, happy, and proud of their family, they returned thanks to God, and blessed their children.

One night, after the toils of the harvest was over, the good Pierre, Theresa, and their family, reposed themselves, seated on the turf before the door of their habitation, admiring the sublimity of a fine summer's night, which the inhabitants of cities are strangers to.

"See," said the old man, "how the sky is illumined with brilliant stars. The moon, hid behind those poplars, sheds a pale and trembling light. The wind has ceased to blow, and the tranquil trees seem to respect the slumber of the birds. The linnet rests its head within its wing. The turtle-dove reposes with his mate in the midst of their young ones, who have yet no other covering than their mother's wing. The profound silence is only disturbed by a plaintive and distant cry, that strikes the ear at intervals. It is the owl, image of the wicked! he watches while others are wrapped in sleep, he incessantly complains, and fears the light of day. O my children! be always virtuous, and happiness will attend your steps. For sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed peace and felicity, but may none of you purchase it at so dear a price."

At these words, some tears fell on the old man's cheeks. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, who was about twelve years old, ran and kissed him. "Grandfather," said she, "you give us so much pleasure when you tell us some pretty story! judge how we should

enjoy the relation of your own ! it is not late, the night is fine, and nobody wishes to sleep." All Pierre's family joined their intreaties, and formed a circle round him. Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence. Each mother took on her lap the child whose cries might have caused an interruption ; all remained listening ; and the good old man, caressing with one hand Louisa, and with the other pressing that of his wife, thus began his history :

Many years have passed away since I was eighteen, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, one of the wealthiest farmers of this country. I was one of the poorest peasants of the village, which I only became conscious of when I fell in love with Theresa. I exerted all my efforts to extinguish a passion that could but make me unhappy, as I was very confident that my poverty would be an invincible obstacle to my union with Theresa ; and that I ought to renounce her, or seek some means of enriching myself, for that I must have left the village where Theresa lived ; this effort was too much, and I preferred offering myself as a servant to her father.

He received me ; you may judge with what alacrity I laboured. I soon became the friend of Aimar, and I still sooner gained the friendship of his daughter. You, my children, who have all married from affection, know how those

who love, delight in seeking each other, and what we feel when once the heart is given. Theresa loved as much as she was beloved ; I thought of nothing but Theresa ; I lived near her, I saw her every day, and I thought this happiness would last for ever.

But I soon was undeceived ;—a rich farmer came from a neighbouring village to ask Theresa in marriage. Aimar visited the corn-fields of him who wished to be his son-in-law, and after having explored his possessions, decided that this man suited his daughter, and the marriage was fixed.

Our tears were of no avail ; the inflexible Aimar told Theresa that her gloominess displeased him, and she was compelled to conceal her tears. The fatal day approached, we had lost all hope ; Theresa was about to become the wife of a man she detested. She was certain it would cause her death ; I was determined not to survive her : flight was the only alternative ; we left Aimar's house, but heaven severely punished us.

Theresa and I left the village in the middle of the night ; she mounted on a little horse, that had been given her by her uncle, and which I decided she might take with her, as it did not belong to her father. A bundle of clothes, some provisions, and a small sum of money, the savings of Theresa, composed the whole of our fortune. Having robbed Aimar of his child, I



scrupled to take any thing from his house ;—thus youth makes virtues of her own.

We travelled all night. In the morning we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia ; being out of the reach of pursuit, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those little rivulets which lovers are so fond of. Theresa descended from her horse, and we seated ourselves on the grass. We made a frugal, but delicious repast ; after which we occupied ourselves in considering what we should do.

After a long conversation, and having counted our money more than twenty times over, and estimated our horse at its highest value, we discovered that all our riches were not worth more than twenty ducats. Twenty ducats could not long support us. We at last decided to go to some large town, where, if pursued, we should be less easily discovered, and to get married as soon as possible. After these wise resolutions, we took the road to Egra.

On our arrival, we entered the first church and were married. We gave the priest the half of our treasure, and never was money spent with a better heart ; it seemed as though all our troubles were at an end, and we had nothing more to fear ; all went on very well for about eight days.

At the end of that time, our

horse was sold ; and at the expiration of a month, we had nothing remaining. What was to be done ? What was to become of us ? I only knew the rustic labours of the field ; and the inhabitants of great cities lay little store by the art which gives them bread ! Theresa was as unskilful as myself ; she suffered, she trembled for the future, and we mutually endeavoured to conceal our internal feelings from each other. At last, having no other resource, I enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, which was in garrison at Egra. The bounty I received was given to Theresa, who took it with tears.

My pay was sufficient for my support, and the little works done by Theresa, (for necessity had instructed her) gave her the means of subsistence. A child came to bind faster the ties of love. It was you, my dear Gertrude ! we looked on you, and thought you would be the comfort of our latter days. At the birth of each of our children we have said the same, and never have been deceived. You were sent to nurse, as my wife could not suckle you ; she passed the day by the side of your cradle, while I, by the most exact observance of my duty, endeavoured to acquire the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederic, my captain, a young man of twenty, was distinguished from the other officers, by his mildness, and handsome figure. He

had shewed me marks of friendship, and I related to him our adventures ; he saw Theresa, and was interested in our fate ; every day he promised to intercede with Aimar for us ; and as I depended entirely upon him, he had given me his word that he would restore me my liberty as soon as he had appeased my father-in-law. Frederic had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

Time glided away ; my young captain still manifested great friendship for us ; Theresa, however, became every day more melancholy, and when I asked the reason, she spoke of her father, and always endeavoured to change the conversation. I was far from suspecting Frederic to be the cause of her grief.

This young man, in all the ardour of twenty, had seen Theresa with the eyes of love, and his passion conquered his virtue. He was well acquainted with our distresses, and knowing how much we stood in need of his assistance, dared to make dishonourable proposals to my wife ; she rejected them with indignation, but conscious of my violent and jealous disposition, kept this fatal secret from me, while I, too credulous, praised every day the generous friendship of my captain.

One day, as I was returning home, I perceived Aimar before me ; judge of my surprise ! " I have found you, then, vile ravish-

er," exclaimed he, " restore me my daughter, give me back the happiness you tore from me, in return for my friendship." I fell on my knees before him, and patiently allowed the first burst of his anger to pass. My tears appeased him, and he consented to listen to me. " I do not pretend to justify myself" said I, " the harm is done, Theresa is my wife, my life is in your hands, punish me, but spare your child—your only child ; do not dishonour her husband, do not make her die with grief. Forget me, and only think of her." In saying these words, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the habitation of your nurse, my child—Come, added I, come and see another who also implores your pity.

You were sleeping in your cradle, Gertrude ! your fair face expressed innocence and health. Aimar looked at you, his eyes filled with tears, I took you in my arms, and presented you to him. Here is also your daughter, said I ; you awakened, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of crying, you smiled, and extended your little arms towards the old Aimar, you seized his silver locks, and approached your face to his. The old man covered you with kisses, pressed me to his heart, and, still holding you in his arms, exclaimed, " Come, my son, let us seek Theresa." You may judge, my children, with what joy I conducted him to our house.



During the way, I thought that the sudden appearance of her father might too much affect Theresa. With the intention of apprizing her, I ran before Aimar. I opened the door, and beheld Frederick on his knees before Theresa, who was obliged to use force to disengage herself from his passionate grasp ! scarce had this spectacle struck my eye, than my sword was plunged into the bosom of my captain, and he fell bathed in his blood ! his cries alarmed the neighbours, the guard arrived, my sword still reeked with blood ; I was seized, and the unhappy Aimar arrived with the crowd, to see his son-in-law loaded with irons. I embraced him, and recommended to his care my child, and wife, who had fallen senseless : I kissed you, my Gertrude, and followed my comrades, who conducted me to a cell.

There I remained two days and three nights, in a state which you may easily conceive. Ignorant of what had passed, knowing nothing of the fate of Theresa, I only saw my jailor, who answered all my questions, by assuring me that I could not remain long without being condemned.

The third day the doors were opened : I was desired to leave the prison ; a detachment awaited me at the door ; I was surrounded, and conducted to the square where we used to be exercised. At a distance I perceived the regiment

approaching. I saw the terrible instrument of death. The idea of having arrived at the height of misery, restored me my courage : with a convulsive energy, I quickened my steps ; my tongue unconsciously pronounced the name of Theresa, I sought her with my eyes, and regretted her absence ; at last I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read, I was given into the hands of the executioner ; I expected the mortal blow, when piercing shrieks suspended my fate. I looked, and saw a spectre, half naked, pale, and bloody, exerting all his efforts to press through the soldiers by which I was surrounded. It was Frederic ! " My friends," cried he, " 'tis I that am guilty ! 'tis I that deserved death ! My friends, forgive the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife, he punished me, he was just : you are monsters if you dare take away his life ! " The Colonel ran to Frederic, tried to tranquilize him, and shewed him the law by which I had been condemned, for having lifted my hand against my officer. " I was no longer his officer," cried Frederic, " I had given him his freedom ; here is his dismissal, signed the day previous to this unfortunate catastrophe, he is not subject to your laws." The astonished officers assembled—Frederic and humanity defended my rights ; I was re-conducted to prison ; Frederic wrote to the minister ; accused himself, and obtained my pardon.

Aimar, Theresa, and I threw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer, who confirmed the gift of my liberty, and wished to add money, which we refused. We returned to this village, where the death of Aimar has left me sole master of his possessions, and where Theresa and I will finish our days in peace and happiness, surrounded by our children.

All Pierre's family had pressed around him during his recital. He had ceased speaking, and they still continued to listen, while tears bedewed their cheeks. "Be comforted," said the good old man, "Heaven has repaid all my trouble with your love." In saying these words, he embraced them, and all the family retired to rest.

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*From the Emerald.*

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*(Concluded from P. 263.)*

TO this spring our inveterate water-drinkers resort, and here I amused myself half an hour or more in observing the approach and conduct of characters which flocked in crowds to taste the supposed liquor of life. Some gentlemen of chymical acuteness, who are in the habit of displaying their learning, when the ignorant fashionables are standing by, decided at the first taste the proportion of limestone, salt, steel, and air, which it contained, and at the same time

cast round upon the multitude a glance of the most gracious superiority; the by-standers supported their self-confidence with admirable adroitness, and gazed with wonder-stretched mouths at the lips which proclaimed the sudden decisions, and the very puppies in the road yelped out their admiration.

A little Frenchman being told by a lady to take a tumbler full at a draught, that the water might have its complete effect, obeyed her like a true knight. But unfortunately the water taking a wrong course, together with the strangling effect of the fixed air with which it is charged, almost strangled the little beau; and it was not until he had whirled himself round like a *tea-totum*, several times, that he could regain his complacent smirk and whiffing obsequiousness. A German, for his part, considered it nothing to the Spa, and Seltzer waters, and the cockney, having "*heard speak*" of the Bath Springs in England, of course contemned every thing in America, and derided the waters accordingly. The ladies, however, swallowed so many glasses, that I was actually anxious lest the effects of this extensive dissipation should impair the glow of their beauty, or frequently deprive us of their society. But one of the fair ones, who had then drank about twelve glasses, informed me that the effects were perfectly gentle, and afforded them amusement. The philosophy of all



this is, that most of it escapes by evaporation, and for the rest—why let that rest, as Ned Shuter used to say. After all, it is clear that fashion and style are the only inducements with nine tenths of the company to visit this place; the invalids not making more than the other tenth. And it seems to me perfectly ridiculous to see a brawny fashionable, swallowing more water in a morning, than she would drink at home in a month, and that merely for amusement.

From this period till breakfast, my only amusement was to pace a long piazza, and completely to loiter away the snail-like march of time; for there was no inducement to take a morning's excursion, when certain of being surrounded by invariable fog, suffocated with confined air, and the road laying through a mere sand barren.

Well, so much for my time, until our scramble for breakfast. When the bell for this ceremony was sounded, a mob of fashionables, bedizened in silks and muslins, for it was a necessary *etiquette* to dress as splendidly as possible, and change at every meal, took possession of the tables, and a similar scene to that which I have before described at dinner, was then performed. As the breakfast was generally too bad to be eaten, or at any rate to be much relished, I sat and observed. There was not six pretty women in the room; but that was not their fault, they would

have been so if they could, I dare say. The southern manners were more austere and ceremonious, the eastern more low and familiar, and the New-York manners partook of both qualities.

After breakfast, custom authorized the ladies to allow a few minutes conversation, and a few minutes satisfied me. A New-York woman of fashion, minces her speech, "D'ye do, sir, hope you're very vell this morning—have you been valking long on the stoop?" (another name for piazza.) The Carolina lady, more dignified, would pronounce with an air of infinite consequence, on your enquiring after her health, "that she thanked you, she was *tolerable* now, but that she had been sick up *steers* all the morning." As this was all she had to say, I did not think she was at all *tolerable*. The northern lady would order her horses put *into* her coach: would declare there was a *proper mixed medley* of folks at the place, and that the flies were *plaguy thick*." This conversation, however, miserable as it was, soon broke up; the ladies retired to their amusing contemplations, and I paced the piazza, or went to the bath or the spring, or my chamber, or any where, to beguile the tedious vacuity of time.

You will say there were splendid equipages, why did you not ride? But what was the use of riding where there was no scenery to tempt you to an excursion, or if

there had happened to be natural scenery, no clearness of prospect, or if beauty of prospect, no one who concerned himself about your splendour—There were some people indeed, who travelled to lake George, or Niagara ; but those places are not Ballstown. Your enquiries are generally confined to *who has come, or who has gone* ; who has got the influenza, or rather who has *not* got it ; what young couple have run away, or what gambler is ruined—In this delightful state of listless inaction, attending only to the droning flight of time, I generally remained until dinner was called. But dinner, like breakfast, was all confusion, and afternoon, like morning, was all tediousness. Towards evening, indeed, there was something which served to provoke the irritability of idle presumptions ; envy crept into the place, and excited a contest between the two principal inns. It seems that the company at the GREAT HOUSE, from some unaccountable prepossession of mind, considered themselves a kind of *nobility*, by virtue of possession. Accident, like fortune, conferred her favours blindfolded, and a coachman or stage-driver, by stopping at the door of the great house, would as surely dignify the company with nobility, as if king George the third had laid his sword across their shoulders. This new found dignity, like other new garments, did not fit the wearers, and they began to assume a kind of consequence to which they imagined

the bad living at "*Sans Souci*" most justly entitled them. And indeed I actually heard one southern nabob apologize to another, for introducing a gentleman from one of the minor houses to eat dinner with him. I assure you, sir, said he, I would not have done it ; but Mr. — found the *Sans Souci* so full, that he was necessitated to take other lodgings. The effect of all this presumption, was to create heart-burnings and jealousies, between the company at the various houses. The dances at the *great house* were destroyed, because at Aldrige's they had engaged the only band of music in Ballstown ; and the company at "*Sans Souci*" could not possibly dance at such an extreme vulgar place. Neither when they had the music themselves, would they invite any company into their dignified presence. Thus the one house had music where there were not people enough to dance ; and the other where there were crowds, there was no music ! no dancing ! So much for the comforts of self-sufficient vanity, the gratifications of jealousy, and the pleasures of disappointed expectation.

To compensate for want of public amusement, the ladies did grant us their beautiful presence in the evening. They promenaded the room, they got up, then sat down, then ogled, then giggled, and then uttered a broad laugh at some *no thing* which a dapper beau had spoken. For this I was sorry ; for



had the ladies been handsome, had they been sensible, or even com-  
plaisant ; had they been all these,  
the hours might have been passed  
agreeably enough in their compa-  
ny ; but they were neither, and  
the conclusion is obvious.

I have done, sir, and my impres-  
sion is, that the bad situation of the  
place, is exceeded by the bad liv-  
ing ; the bad living by the bad  
manners, and the bad manners by  
—— but I have no object of  
comparison for these, and so adieu.  
I have the honour to be, sir, what  
you will wonder at, after all the de-  
clarations I have made,

A RATIONAL VISITOR.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

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DEAR SIR,

I AM a young man by the  
name of Tobias Parlance, an at-  
torney at law. A few days ago,  
walking through the street in great  
haste, a gentleman called me To-  
by. After much reflection on this  
unpleasant affair, I am unable to  
determine what course of conduct  
to pursue, and therefore beg your  
opinion whether it is necessary I  
should exact a formal explanation.

*Monday morning, Aug. 22.*

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a young man who was  
once a Sail Maker, but I have late-  
ly, from my strong propensity to

literature, become a Book-seller.  
There is this peculiarity in my  
frame of mind : viz. that I am vi-  
sited occasionally, and at very irre-  
gular intervals, with superior  
brightness of ideas, which I am  
obliged immediately to commit to  
paper, or they evaporate, and be-  
come lost forever. Once, sir, on a  
public walk in this city, I received  
a sudden influx of light into my  
understanding, upon which I in-  
stantly started for my house, that I  
might have ink and paper, but the  
violence with which I ran, attract-  
ed the attention of every passen-  
ger, and some began to halloo  
"Stop him ! stop him !" and others  
to pursue me, until I was overta-  
ken, and carried to the alderman  
of the ward, before whom I made  
my innocence appear in the most  
satisfactory manner. This note is  
to inform you, that on Thursday  
last, at half past four o'clock, I was  
specially illuminated, and imme-  
diately flew to my portable to write  
something for the miscellany, but  
just as I was seated, I was saluted  
with a violent rap at the door, which  
entirely dispossessed me of my ele-  
vated state of intellect. At some  
other favourable season, I hope to  
write what you will be glad to  
print, and your subscribers glad to  
read and to preserve.

PETER FLASH.

*Wednesday afternoon.*

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WORTHY MISTER,

I AM a driver of one of the  
Hackney coaches which runs on

evenings of exhibition between St. Paul's church, and Vauxhall garden. A few evenings ago, I admitted into my carriage a couple of well dressed young men, the one habited in black silk, and the other in white silk small clothes; and both had their hair put up after the newest fashion. On our way, they commenced an argument, which they kept up for some time with great warmth, and loud vociferation, till at length they actually came to a pugnacular contest, in the course of which, my two side glasses were broken, and my left hinder spring considerably bent. Will you please to inform me, sir, whether I can recover damages for these injuries, or whether, according to the law, passengers are allowed the privilege of boxing in the vehicles which transport them. Moreover, for the prevention of similar outrages, I should like to know whether I could require security of the peace from all passengers before I take them up.

ZACHARY GALLOP.

Tuesday, Aug. 23.

MR. EDITOR,

PERHAPS you may recollect a correspondent, who in an early number of your former volume, took occasion to remonstrate against the uncleanly practices of smoking and chewing tobacco: Henry Scarlet, Esq.—for to the addition of Esq. I hold myself indubitably entitled, were it only for the worth of that essay alone, which

has been applauded by some of our gravest and most discreet citizens. It is with singular pleasure I observe the degree of reformation which it wrought: several of my acquaintances have assured me that they have been induced by it to lessen the number of cygars they formerly smoked, and the quantity of tobacco they chewed, by which their acceptance with the ladies has not only been more favourable, but they have been also physically bettered. In particular my worthy friend, *Tromp Van Doozel*, an old Dutch bachelor, who is descended by his mother's side from the family of the *Vanderskindenberger's*, has declared to me that he has reduced himself to a single pipe a day, and chewing he has entirely broken off. I have often been much amused in hearing him relate the manner in which he accomplished the latter total relinquishment, and I shall not forbear to tell the reader what if he knows may possibly amuse him. *Tromp Van Doozel*, according to his own account, one day, after taking a chew, took his box up into his garret, and nailed it upon the middle of one of the beams that runs across the upper part of it; to this beam he could climb from the stairs that go up to the scuttle, not without some difficulty, and then was obliged to walk on it upright, which he seldom, if ever, ventured to do, or else to straddle it, and move himself along with his hands; he had fallen on this plan, that the labour and peril of the performance might deter



him from often attempting it, or after a while, from attempting it at all, and as he had solemnly vowed not to remove his box from this situation, and to chew none of his favourite weed but what came out of it, he at first diminished his practice, and then relinquished it. Considering how rarely men are persuaded out of bad habits, by the elaborate argument of the logician, or the eloquent declamation of the orator, I may plume myself upon my success in no small degree, and in fact, shortly after the publication of my piece, it was observed that I assumed great fierceness of look, and pomposity of carriage, and that I purchased a gold-headed cane, a large blue cloth cloak, and wore my head powdered; but all mortals are liable to excess, and if I was inflated by pride, I was assailed by temptation.

I now come forward once more in behalf of the ladies, instigated by their resistless pressure of solicitation. Several bewitching young damsels of my acquaintance, have besought me with great earnestness to lay open to the public a custom from which they have been much incommoded. Some gentlemen of small independence, and who are therefore able to live without regular industry, are in the habit of visiting at early hours in the morning, when the ladies are employed in domestic affairs; in washing their china, sewing rent garments, or in superintending culinary operations, which require

appropriate habiliments, and which habiliments are not fit for the inspection of this buckish gentry, who, however they may enlarge on the refinement of female nature, or declaim against the vulgarity of cookery, will, notwithstanding, when they come to be married, find that the arts of baking, frying, broiling, and roasting, are matters of some significance. They will then discover that all servants are not to be relied on, and that whoever would have his house comfortable, must depend on the personal agency of his wife. Certainly then it is unreasonable to interrupt us at these hours. Ladies who are always walking the streets are at once considered by the reflecting, unfaithful to their domestic duties, and the prudent grandfather cautions his grandsons to avoid a junction with those girls who are wasting in idleness that time which they are bound in gratitude to devote to the happiness of those who are generously labouring to crown them with ease, and plenty, and felicity.

One of my young misses has discoursed to me with especial seriousness on this subject; for she complains, that some mornings since, a visitor was unguardedly admitted by the servant, while she was passing through the entry in a short-gown, and blue yarn stockings, and carrying an iron pot, on her way to the kitchen: for the prevention of similar inconvenience and mortification in future,

she desires me to publish, through the medium of the Lady's Weekly Miscellany, that *Miss Sally Peacock* sees company in summer and winter, at six o'clock in the afternoon.

Another Miss informs me that a beaux, of whom she is not overfond, used regularly to come to her house every day at twelve o'clock, and notwithstanding the disapprobation she always discovered, persisted in his practice with such pertinacity, as drove her to unusual expedients for his ejection. Whenever he made his appearance, she had always a large dining table brought into the room, and completely equipped for dinner; upon which he took himself off, and in a short time discontinued his visits. You remember, Mr. Editor, that I expressed my hope of having conciliated the favour of the fair, and that after my labours in their cause, I should suffer from them no more persecution, but experience has proved to me the fallacy of this hope, for since that time I have been, through their sauciness, in much distress. Some of them have reported of me that I *darned my own stockings*, which story is very far from precision, for I have never mended any part of my dress but on occasions of imperious emergency, when decorum required it should be mended, and there was no tayloress at hand; in all other cases, sir, whatever, my clothes have been mended by *Molly Boiler, of Stave-lane*.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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BEWARE OF LITERARY QUACKS.

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*Prima sapientia stultitia caruisse.*

HORACE.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING, through the medium of your interesting miscellany, obtained information of a very witty and learned gentleman, under the appellation of Timothy Eruditio, who performs all manner of composition, at the shortest notice, and in the most stylish manner; I am induced to offer to your readers a few remarks on the extraordinary abilities of this said Timothy, as made known to me by his splendid and attracting advertisement. He must indeed possess the first talents, and most shining literary accomplishments, who can strike off so many various styles at once, as the advertisements of 'merchants, mechanics, masters of vessels, and above all, commencement pieces,' require. But as in law there are pettifoggers, and in physic quacks, so in composition I believe there are the same kind of ignorant animals, who wish to deceive the public, and such a one I take Mr. Timothy Eruditio to be. What most surprized me in his quixotic advertisement, was his pledging himself to write the most foaming declamation for young men "about leaving college;" but I would wish to inform Eruditio, (alias Stupiditio) that young men about leaving col-



lege are not so frothy as he thinks them, nor as affected with foam as he and his advertisement seem to be. They generally, to my knowledge, write their own orations, with more facility and elegant simplicity, than Timothy Pomposity is master of; and if any of them should be so unfortunate, as not to be able to pen one himself, I am confident he would bring his custom to more able and experienced gentlemen, who are not so much in the habit of praising themselves, as is our redoubted Timothy. However, Mr. Editor, I will not be so cruel, as to deprive this gentleman of all hopes "in the line of his profession," but will concur in his recommendation of himself to all cooks, bottle-washers, sweep-masters, coachmen, and quack-doctors, being thoroughly persuaded that his talents and genius are amply fitted to furnish *these* with the best and most showy advertisements; but as for his penning any compositions for the higher ranks of society, I really think he cannot aspire to such an enviable occupation. But after all, as Dean Swift says, give the devil his due, I am inclined also to try him in this, and will thank him to accommodate me with a theme on modesty, as I have no doubt his ideas on this subject are very numerous.

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE generous never recounts minutely the actions he has done; nor the prudent those he will do.

## VARIETY.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*Solution of the enigmatical list of Some of the United States, which appeared in our last number.*

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|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Kentucky.       | 2. Ohio.           |
| 3. North Carolina. | 4. Maryland.       |
| 5. Vermont.        | 6. Connecticut.    |
| 7. Tennessee.      | 8. Rhode-Island.   |
| 9. Pennsylvania.   | 10. Massachusetts. |

P. S.

*Solution to the enigmatical list of Physicians, which appeared in our last number.*

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|----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Foot.       | 2. Edmonston.         |
| 3. Wilson.     | 4. Hosack.            |
| 5. Burrell.    | 6. Douglass.          |
| 7. Beebee.     | 8. Lawrence.          |
| 9. Secor.      | 10. Prince.           |
| 11. Bloodgood. | 12. Anderson.         |
| 13. Church.    | 14. Shaw, alias Long. |
| 15. Lord.      | 16. Chapman.          |
| 17. Birch.     | 18. Proudfoot.        |
| 19. Hull.      | 20. Seaman.           |

CHARMS OF AMERICAN  
CURIOSITY.

*From Fanson's Stranger in America.*

WITH the women whose curiosity is generally admitted in other countries, to be by no means inferior to that of the men, you may naturally expect to fare no better. This I likewise found by manifold

experience. One instance, which occurred during the excursion described in this chapter, shall here suffice. Seeing a pleasant little cottage on the river Connecticut, and understanding that it was to be let, I knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman, of whom I enquired the rent of the house.

"And where are you from?" was the reply.—"Pray, madam," I again asked, "is this house to be let?"—"Be you from New-York, or Boston?" said the inquisitive dame. The place was situated about half-way between these two towns. Impatient at this mode of reply—"I'll thank you, madam," I repeated, "to acquaint me with the price demanded for this little place?"—"Pray what may you be?" rejoined she, as if fully determined not to satisfy my enquiry till I had gratified her curiosity. I was not less resolute than herself, and turned my back in disgust.

Among the females, a stranger may soon discover the pertness of republican principles. Divested, from that cause, of the blushing modesty of the country girls of Europe, they will answer a familiar question from the other sex with the confidence of a French *mademoiselle*: I would not, however, be understood to question their chastity, of which they have as large a portion as Europeans; my object is merely to shew the force of habit, and the result of education.

The arrogance of domestics in this land of republican liberty and equality, is particularly calculated to excite the astonishment of strangers. To call persons of this description *servants*, or to speak of their *master* or *mistress*, is a grievous affront. Having called one day at the house of a gentleman of my acquaintance, on knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant-maid, whom I had never before seen, as she had not been long in his family. The following is the dialogue, word for word, which took place on this occasion:—"Is your master at home?"—"I have no master!"—"Don't you live here?"—"I stay here."—"And who are you then?"—"Why I am Mr. —'s *help*. I'd have you to know, *man*, that I am no *sarvant*; none but *negers* are *sarvants*."

[It is necessary to elucidate the capitals in the subsequent lines, to observe that it was the custom a few seasons ago, at Bath, (Eng.) amongst the young men of fashion on the eve of their departure, to leave cards with their friends with the letters D. I. O. under their names, signifying "Dem'me I'm off." The day before the author left that city, she was requested by a Mr. Dixon to write an acrostic on his name, which gave rise to the following bagatelle.)

Says Tom one day, in surly mood,  
On all your friends you write crostics  
on;

Come, now for once be kind to me,  
And write one pray, on Thomas Dixon.

"O lord" cried, I, "that ne'er will do,  
If such acrostic thus you fix on;



D may rhyme well, and I. and O,  
But X is cross, like Thomas Dixon.

In dudgeon now the frowning youth  
(Whom satire loves to play her  
tricks on)

So waspish grew, that I, in truth,  
Left D. I. O. with Thomas Dixon.

*Julia Francesca.*

#### REBUS.

OF this mighty globe, first of all take a  
quarter,

Add a name that is given to foul stag-  
nate water,

A physician of note in this city then  
join ;

Of the globe then another division com-  
bine ;

A flower that for sweetness there's  
none can compare,

The being who rules over earth, sea,  
and air,

And what's neither round, nor triangle,  
nor square.

If all these initials should rightly ap-  
pear,

You'll discover a source of contention, I  
fear.

*Julia Francesca.*

A most distressing fire commenced about twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, in Nassau-street, opposite the middle Dutch church. It originated in the house occupied by Mr. Watkeys, tallow-chandler, and destroyed that building, the charity school-house belonging to the Presbyterian church, a school-house belonging to the Episcopal church, a private school-house, a paint shop, and two or three stables ; and materially injured the buildings occupied by Mr. Grant Thorburn, as seed stores, &c. Several dwelling-houses, fronting on Li-

berly street, were also considerably injured.

We have the painful task to add, that Mrs. Watkeys, her daughter about eighteen years of age a black girl of sixteen, and two black children, were consumed. A more melancholy spectacle has not been witnessed in this city, for many years. So rapid did the flames spread over the building in which they originated, that no human efforts could possibly have saved the lives of the sufferers. The room in which Mr. Watkeys slept, was on fire when he was roused by the screams of his wife. Instantly springing forward through the flames, and bidding her to follow, he alone escaped the devouring element. They who witnessed the screams of the victims, and outcries of the frantic survivor, indeed felt, but language would fail to describe the awful and distressing scene. *Com. Adv.*

Our city Inspector reports the death of 41 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—viz. adults 18 children 36—Total 54.

#### MARRIED,

At Westchester, on the 17th inst. by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Dr. Romaine, to Miss Watts, daughter of Robert Watts Esq

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Middler, Mr Samuel Bunting, to Miss Eliza Kilburn, both of this city.

Died, On Sunday last, Miss Guelma Templeton, aged 18 years.

At his father's house, in Stamford Ct. on Saturday the 20th inst. Mr. Henry Rogers, of the house of Rogers, Lambert, & co. aged 24 years.



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### Swift Life's Vision Flies.

TELL me, where's the violet fled,  
Late so gayly blowing;  
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,  
Choicest sweets bestowing?  
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,  
And the violet blooms no more.

Say, where hides the blushing rose,  
Pride of fragrant morning,  
Garland meet for Beauty's brows,  
Hill and dale adorning?  
Gentle maid, the summer's fled,  
And the hopeless rose is dead!

Bear me, then to yonder rill,  
Late so freely flowing,  
Watering many a daffodill  
On its margin growing.  
Sun and wind exhaust its store;  
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bowery shade,  
Late with roses flaunting;  
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,  
Am'rous ditty chanting.  
Hail and storm with fury shower;  
Leafless mourns the rifl'd bower!

Say, where bides the village maid,  
Late yon cot adorning?  
Oft I've met her in the glade,  
Fair and fresh as morning.  
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!  
Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the village swain,  
Who, of rural pleasures,  
Rose and violet, rill and plain,  
Sung in daftest measures?  
Maiden, swift life's visison flies.....  
Death has clos'd the poet's eyes.

### The Old Soldier.

O Pity! if thy holy tear  
Immortal decks the wing of time  
'Tis when the soldier's honoured bier  
Demands the glittering drop sublime  
For who from busy life remov'd  
Such glorious, dangerous toil has prov'd  
As *he*, who on the embattled plain  
Lies, nobly slain.

*He*, who forsakes his native shore  
To meet the whizzing ball of death;  
Who, mid the battle's fatal roar,  
Resigns his lingering, parting breath;  
Who, when the dead'ning din is done,  
So well deserves as valour's son,  
The proud the lasting wreath of fame,  
To grace his name?

Hard is his fate, the sultry day  
To wander o'er the burning plain;  
All night to waste the hours away  
Mid howling winds and beating rain  
To talk, O vision, sadly sweet!  
With her his eyes would never meet,  
And find at morn's returning gleam  
'Twas but a dream!

To mark the haughty brow severe;  
To hear the imperious, stern command;  
To heave the sigh, to drop the tear,  
While memory paints his native land.  
To know the laurel he has won,  
Twines round the brow of fortune's son,  
While *he*, when strength and youth are  
flown,  
Shall die *unknown*!

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